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## Women, This Is Important—Even You Will Admit It

If You Get a Dress, Remember That Your Body Is a  
Pedestal—Ornament It With Discretion Accordingly.

The war is presenting its problems to women, not the least of which is **WHAT TO WEAR**.

The real duty of women as of men is to do everything they can to help win the war.

One way to help is to **BUY SENSIBLY**.

In selecting your garments for this winter, buy fabrics that you know will wear well and styles that you know will last.

There is just as much opportunity for the display of common sense in dressing as there is in eating or exercise or providing yourself with fresh air to breathe.

What drink is to a man, gambling to a Chinese, ill temper to a baby, dress is to a woman. Too often it occupies her whole brain—front, back, both lobes, every convolution. It regulates her heartbeats, ruins her husband sometimes, makes her marry foolishly—because she even admires fancy dress in men.

Worst of all, it sometimes makes her a mere specialist in personal adornment where she ought to be a wide thinker, flying over the realms of cosmic thought.

Now, women, will you please get into your heads just one fundamental idea?

The only important thing about you—the only interesting, beautiful, or worth while—is your **HEAD**, with the face whose vivacity attracts attention to the speaking brain.

All the rest of your body is a mere pedestal.

And when you order a dress or a coat you should remember that you are simply ornamenting the pedestal which upholds the head.

When you go to a museum and see a fine head of marble or bronze, you expect the pedestal to be appropriate in **SIMPLICITY**.

Sometimes it is covered over simply with black velvet—more often it is made of some simple, solid material, white or black.

What would you think if you saw a fine work of art mounted on a pedestal fixed up the way you arrange your own body? Suppose the pedestal were pinched and squeezed, ornamented with passementerie, fancy buttons, preposterous brocade. Suppose, in short, that it were dressed up in such a way that you could see only the pedestal itself and had no eyes for the work of art on top of it. You would say, "A fool arranged that pedestal for that beautiful head."

That is what sensible people say, dear madam, when they see your beautiful head mounted on the preposterous pedestal which you prepare for it.

In the old Greek days, when clothing was loose, graceful, and sensible, the body itself was a beautiful thing, and contributed to the general artist effect.

But we are agreed now, as a result of our "moral" development, that everything but the head should be covered up. The body has been made into a mere dressmaker's dummy for the head's support.

At least, don't let the dressmaker make it idiotic and take away all attention from the face, which alone remains to show that you are human.

Once in a great while this advice might, perhaps, be reversed.

For instance, there lives in Boston a very famous woman, one who has done much for art and the gayety of nations in various ways. This woman thinks that her face is very plain. She is mistaken, for no woman's face is plain if an active mind is at work above it.

But, in view of her peculiar conviction, the Boston lady works intelligently. She thinks that she has a magnificent figure, and she makes no mistake whatever about that—from the modern dressmaker's point of view.

She prefers that people's attention should be attracted to her figure and not to her face. Therefore, she does exactly what we ask you women, with your serenely beautiful faces, **NOT** to do.

The Boston lady wears the most brilliant dresses, she exhausts all the resources of art, money, and patience on **ORNAMENTING HER PEDESTAL**—which is her body—since she thinks that her face is not good enough for the work that she is put in the world to do.

You who have a good face, big, bright eyes, an intelligent forehead, try to appreciate those things—don't weaken them by walking around with a good face on a hideous pedestal.

Draw all the hair and curls back off your forehead, letting your face have as much of the light of intelligence as possible. Take the hair back of your ears, fasten it in a knot at the back of your neck, low down, that **THE LINE OF THE HEAD**, which is the line of intelligence, may be visible. **Don't** have frizzes or crimps or bangs—or any other nonsense.

Be simple; be human. Devote a lot of the thought you have been giving to dress to war work.

Work thirty days in the month at other things and give the thirty-first to dress. If there are only thirty days in the month, don't think about dress at all.

## Heavy, Heavy Over His Head



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

**BEFORE** the war we women were drowned in leisure.

We did not realize it—and of course every one of us will deny it now—but there is abundant proof that in the words of good old Dr. Watts: Satan found mischief for idle hands to do.

For one thing, we built up an elaborate sex convention in regard to babies, bonnets, and other belongings. We felt it was absolutely necessary for a girl baby to have a bonnet over each ear; heretofore of this bonnet was without sex and void.

But we should have regarded it as a sacrifice to thus adorn a small lord of creation—even at the age of six weeks. No, he must have a rosette on the top of his bonnet, so as to present a warlike and menacing aspect.

And the mothers, aunts, and grandmothers regarded this "he" and "she" business of the bonnet question as a thing of cosmic importance. Its place in the scheme of things felt to be somewhere between the fixed stars and the laws of the Medes and Persians, and there was a general feeling that no good could come from tampering with it.

**Feelings Were Hurt.**

And if anyone gave a boy baby a bonnet with two rosettes, or a girl baby a bonnet with one, everyone connected with that grossly insulted infant had his or her feelings deeply hurt.

Usually the mischief began right there, over-emphasizing the sex question while children were still in their baby carriages. With their first conscious breaths girl babies were implored to be "refined," while boy babies were entreated to be "brave," and take their castor oil like a man.

Unconsciously, each of these small unfortunates began storing up impressions that later on meant a ball and chain at his or her heels. Mary felt she must be refined, and a little lady—and to get her clothes dirty, or her hair rumpled, was to break all the commandments at once.

And John was equally well outfitted with a set of false standards that promised to be as useful to him through life as a millstone in swimming. It wasn't necessary for him to be thoughtful, tactful, or kind to things weaker than himself, because these things might convert him into a "sissy."

If he played with girls, or occasionally combed his hair, or stroked a cat, these things were dangerous manifestations of possible sissyness. And John uprose, did a war dance and made life hideous for everyone concerned, not because he enjoyed it especially,

## TODAY'S TOPIC A MISTAKE TO UNDULY EMPHASIZE SEX IN CHILDREN

ly, but to conform to the approved manly ideal.

And who has not sympathized with the pale little girl denying herself coveted exercise—exercise that was essential to her development—that she might not rumple her clothes and look less like a little lady.

In trying to make of John a kindergarten cave-man, to preserve the masculine ideal, and of Mary an anemic little fashion-plate, that she might grow up "refined," parents wholly lost sight of the important thing, that it is better for children to grow to be vigorous, healthy little animals with no thought of these artificial distinctions at all.

Questions of sex loom on the horizon soon enough and vast enough, in all conscience, without anticipating them with ribbons and sentiments that might well be placed on the non-essential list.

History has not preserved the name of the woman who first conceived the notion of putting little girls into play rompers, but she ought to have some sort of medal conferred on her for such a long step in the right direction.

And if we have been hide-bound in the matter of ribbons and sentiments, we are doubly so in regard to games and toys. Many a little girl has coveted a tool chest, and longed to make dolls' furniture and houses, only to be told by her mother that such things were not intended for a little girl.

How much genuine constructive ability and real architectural talent may have been smothered out by such a short-sighted policy?

It is a liberal and indulgent mother who will consent to her daughter's playing blind man's bluff, I spy, or prisoner's base anywhere within earshot of the house.

These games come under the head of romping, which is supposed to be as deplorable for Mary's manners as for her clothes. Not to mention the noise, which is hard on "grown-ups."

The consequence was that if Mary was a young person with her full share of animal spirits, she was obliged to do a bit of sneaking now and then, or indulge in sedentary games.

These may have saved her clothes and the ears of her relatives, but they were bad for Mary's

muscles and nerves. The former were apt to be under-developed, and the latter over-developed. John had too much savagery, Mary not enough. And all on account of that unduly anticipated beggar sex, which should have been as much ignored as possible in the interests of both children.

**The Tell-Tale Pompadour.**

There comes a day, and every mother recognizes its advent, when John, with no urging at all, will soap his ears and begin to cultivate a pompadour—the latter is an unfeeling symptom, and always spells girl. And there is nothing to be done about it but to inaugurate a policy of "watchful waiting" with a great deal of sympathy on the side.

The equivalent of a pompadour, on Mary's part, is a heightened interest in clothes, and sometimes a tendency to go into the kitchen and cook. These days, with their call love affairs, come all too soon and are too highly upsetting to all parties concerned to be advanced by a single day.

They come like the first tooth, whooping cough, or measles, and good mothers make the most of them and in due time see their fledglings depart to nests of their own. But to begin with it, before children have cut their milk teeth, to harp upon it while they are still in swaddling clothes, is as foolish of the mother as it is unfair to the child.

Children should have the same standards of honor, truth, and right living, not because they are girls or boys, as the case may be, but because they are to grow up self-respecting citizens whose country depends upon them to carry on the torch of civilization.

**"Refined" Much to Answer For.**

The word "refined," like that older word, "gentle," is beginning to die a natural death. We expect certain standards in well-bred people, we take certain things for granted, and what we call refinement is one of them.

But to return for a last word to the sex question, the war has certainly proved to be the short cut to a general emancipation of women. How many girls looking at good old Dr. Mary Walker for the first time ever imagined they, too, would take to trousers?

Not one of all the thousands now employed as conductors, farm-ettes, munition makers, or working at any of the new war jobs, demanding bifurcated garments, would have believed it possible. But then, nothing could have been more unbecoming than Dr. Mary's frock coat, tight trousers, and top hat—these war rigs are vastly becoming to the girls, and that makes a difference.

## Why We Pay a Maryland Auto Tax

Because a Maryland Senator Has Too Much to Say About the Voteless  
National Capital.

By EARL GODWIN.

No resident of the District of Columbia can drive an automobile with only a District license number into Maryland without being arrested. It's much like the days of the robber barons, when no man dared set foot in another man's territory without paying tribute.

Maryland's grasping attitude toward Washington automobilists is one of the chief reasons why there should be a national law allowing automobilists who pay taxes in one State to drive an automobile anywhere. The spirit of reciprocity should prevail throughout the land, and the old-fashioned toll-gate attitude of hospitable (1) Maryland should be junked.

In the current number of the American Motorist there is quoted a letter from a District official who sizes up the situation with a keen eye. This District official sets forth that Senator John Walter Smith of Maryland is the chairman of the subcommittee on District appropriations in the Senate. It is perfectly obvious that a Maryland Senator is not going to let fair play for Washington, D. C. interfere with a few dollars of revenue for the great State of Maryland. Nor can any official of the District of Columbia protest too severely against the Maryland automobile tax without subjecting himself to the possibility of having his District appropriations cut down, Senator Smith being chairman of the subcommittee which frames the District bill.

Now, of course, if we had a VOTE in Washington we wouldn't have to be diplomatic with John Walter Smith, nor would there be any such antique tomfoolery in the relations between the District of Columbia automobilists and Maryland automobilists. It is wrong that half a million people, the most intelligent people in the country, comprising the population of the Capital city, should not only be refused a VOTE, but that they should be imposed upon by Maryland Senators and others in the National Legislature who have been entrusted with the government and (to some extent) the welfare of the city.

I think the matter is fairly well depicted in a portion of the letter from the aforementioned District official, as printed in the American Motorist:

"Use the letter but leave my name out. . . . I am . . . of an institution absolutely dependent upon Congress for appropriations. . . . I think you will agree with me that it is unwise when I tell you that Senator John Walter Smith of Maryland is chairman of the Senate subcommittee on the District of Columbia appropriations bill. You will see that we are not only subjected to the disabilities mentioned in my letter, but in addition those of us who live from appropriations are muzzled."

## HEARD AND SEEN

Who remembers when laborers not in the Government service, working for building and sewer contractors, etc., were not paid as much for their labor as skilled laborers in the Government service are paid for their skilled labor?

In these days of remembrances, when you try to think of the Patent Office and the various "beats" which plied the Potomac river, do anyone recall, or remember when the last horseshoe was picked up on Pennsylvania avenue between the Capitol and the White House?

MISS STAPLES.

**Californians Postpone Meeting.**  
The regular monthly meeting of the California Skatists Association, which was scheduled for Thursday evening at the Thomson School, has been postponed. The school auditorium, would not be available for meeting purposes on registration day. The meeting of the association will be held at the usual time and place, the Thomson School, on October 10.

Here is a suggestion which may help to save many a man's time during registration day:

Let everybody who has to register examine the questions which must be answered as published in the newspapers. Look at the posters which have been hung up around town, write out (in typewriting if possible) his answers to said questions, and

hand this paper to the registration officer, who then would only have to copy the answers. This would help to avoid mistakes, and no doubt would save much time, not only of the registration officers, but also of the men further back in the line.

**"ONE WHO TRIES TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE OTHER FELLOW."**

The Telephone Company is asking for higher rates and the public phone in Penn Gardens has been so full of money for the past two weeks that no more could be inserted, and whenever tried to use it is reported out of use. Perhaps if they emptied their public phones, their rates could remain the same.

Wonder if **GEORGE DIAMOND**, "the dancing harpist," is still dancing, harping on the minstrel boards? Diamond was in vogue about the time when **GEORGE DUMONT**, the blackface female impersonator and girl soprano, was a winning card. George Dumont was "working" in the early '70's, and sang with Dockstader's Minstrels at the Belasco about eight years ago. "The Days When We Were Young, Maggie," was brought back from the misty past at that performance.

## Another Old Theater Memory

To the Editor of The Times:

The Times' Heard and Seen column of the 5th instant told of the play, "Hazel Kirke," having been seen at Ford's Opera House, at Ninth street and Louisiana avenue northwest, among the players having been Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Ned Buntline. The item also said that "Hazel Kirke" was written by Ned Buntline.

I fear that The Times' informant is misinformed as to these statements in several important particulars. "Across the Plains," or something like that. There were perhaps eight or ten characters in the performance aside from a bunch of Indians, some of whom were the players were Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, John Morand, (Francis Markham, of Burlington, Vt.), and an Italian danseuse named Morlacchi. This in the '70's, about 1875. Texas Jack's name is real life was Omohundro. He was from Virginia, and was a quite near relative of G. H. Omohundro, of F street, Washington. He was a tall, slender, like young fellow, of quiet and gentlemanly ways, who had

scouted in Indian warfare in the Southwest for years, gaining a reputation for courage and war wisdom of the plains. Morlacchi was Texas Jack's wife. Jack was suffering in the incipient stages of tuberculosis, when the company was organized, and died from that disease a year or two later.

John Morand was destined to fame as an actor and was still playing only a few years ago. Morlacchi, who was a real artist, lived for years to charm theatergoers in this and other countries. At the time of Buffalo Bill's entry into stage life, he had just quitted his romantic life on the plains and was one of the handsomest of men of his type.

It is not probable that Coudeok was the actor who had the leading role in the presentation of "Hazel Kirke" to which Heard and Seen referred. "Hazel Kirke" was first named "The Iron Hand," and was a failure under that name, though presented often and in many localities. When the play became "Hazel Kirke" and the leading character was portrayed by Coudeok it became an instant hit, and was the rage in several seasons. The crop of Hazel babies was immense. If you know a lady named Hazel, see if she doesn't date back to "Hazel Kirke" days, or perhaps was named after one of the original Hazel babies.

McCABERIDGE.